



## Cedarville Review

---

Volume 12

Article 8

---

2009

# Sake of Motion

Renee Cuenin  
*Cedarville University*

[DigitalCommons@Cedarville](#) provides a publication platform for fully open access journals, which means that all articles are available on the Internet to all users immediately upon publication. However, the opinions and sentiments expressed by the authors of articles published in our journals do not necessarily indicate the endorsement or reflect the views of DigitalCommons@Cedarville, the Centennial Library, or Cedarville University and its employees. The authors are solely responsible for the content of their work. Please address questions to [dc@cedarville.edu](mailto:dc@cedarville.edu).

---

### Recommended Citation

Cuenin, Renee (2009) "Sake of Motion," *Cedarville Review*: Vol. 12 , Article 8.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview/vol12/iss1/8>

---

# Sake of Motion

Browse the contents of [this issue](#) of *Cedarville Review*.

## Creative Commons License



This work is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-Noncommercial-No Derivative Works 4.0 License](#).

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.cedarville.edu/cedarvillereview>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

## Sake of Motion

You dreamt last night that you walked,  
Whistling as love letters fell from the holes in your pockets.  
The fingers that tend to get lost in the sidewalk,  
Shot out to catch them,  
Their pointy plum nails tracing the ink lines.

You dreamt that you pushed a wheelbarrow  
Over the edge of the falls.  
You climbed in, bobbing to the Pacific.  
Onlookers shot flaming arrows as if you were a fallen Viking.

You dreamt that you flew a red plane into the mountain's liquid side,  
Sinking down to Hades in all your good intentions.  
Before you sank through to the other side of the world,  
You rolled up your damp sleeves,  
Dante and Virgil tipped their hats.  
You bought a nesting doll on the other side of the world.

You dreamt last night that you drove off the cliff,  
At the bottom, you got caught up in the Battle of Hastings,  
A Toyota passenger side door your only protection from William.  
They doomed you to speak their French.

You dreamt you ran back down the sidewalk,  
Kicking the love letters up with your heels,  
Breaking a nail or two.  
I raced next to you, neither one quicker  
Or slower, just caught alongside.